

# A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXII.

She put her arms round Carrie and told her about Josiah Purley and the Roaring Jane, keeping back some of the details of that terrible scene in the library, but making the whole story plain to her.

"You understand, dear, do you not? You know that it was his last wish—Ah, if you had seen his face! Even if I did not know that it was the right thing to do, if I were wicked and weak enough to shirk it, his poor, dear face would haunt me."

Carrie sat staring before her and gripping Maida's hand.

"Yes, yes! I understand. Oh, poor father! Yes, we must do it. But it's hard—very hard—and hardest of all for you. And Heroncourt—what will he say?" She gripped Maida's hand still more tightly, and looked at her with sudden terror. "It—it will make no difference to him, Maida."

Maida looked away, but said, firmly:

"And if it should, we cannot avert from the path. Don't cry, Carrie—for Carrie's eyes had filled with tears. "Do you think that, even if it made any difference, we could keep the money? Ah, no, no! I should never know another moment's happiness; it would make me wretched."

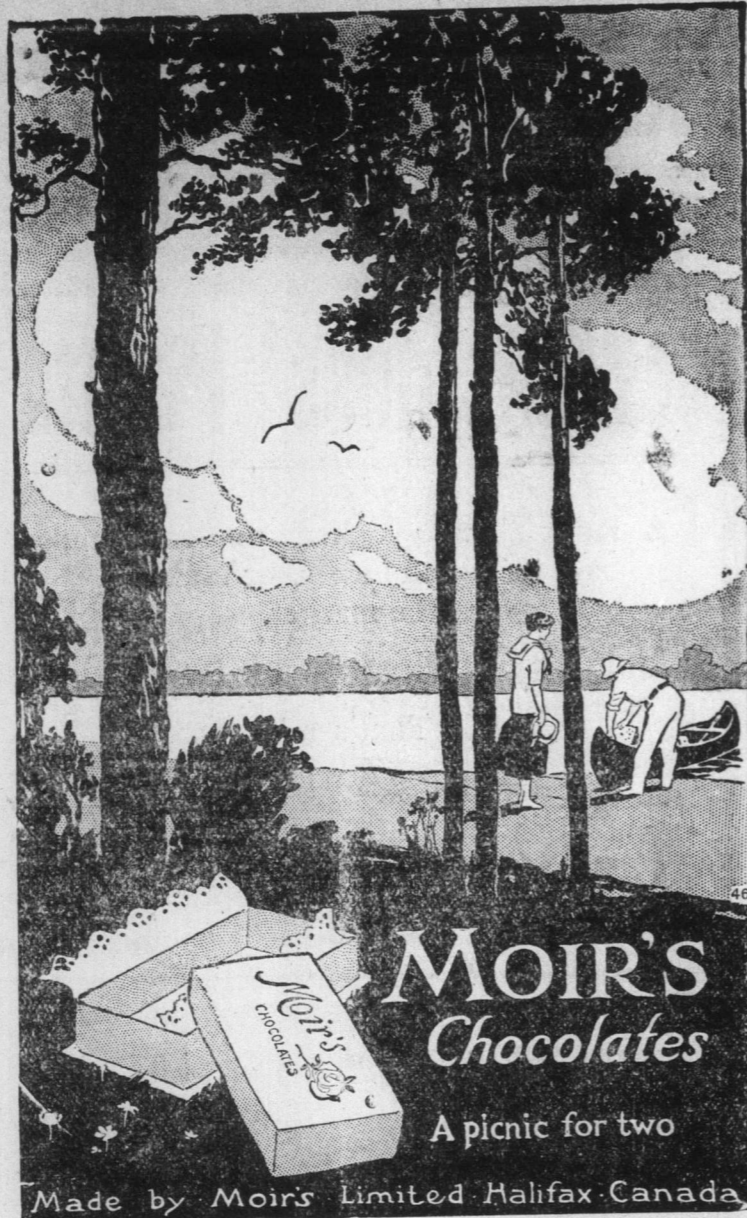
While they were still talking, going over the terrible business again and again, but always with the same results, Heroncourt knocked at the door.

"I am afraid you must come down, dearest; you and Carrie," he said. "They are waiting."

"We are ready," she said; but, though he looked at her wistfully, with all his love in his eyes, neither her voice nor her eyes made any response.

He led them into the room. Mr. Coburn, Mr. Carrington's lawyer, was seated at the table with his partner; there were a number of other persons present, and Lady Glassbury came forward and drew the girls to a corner where chairs had been placed for them, and Heroncourt stood close beside Maida. She was very pale, but the lovely face was quite calm and she looked straight before her as if she were unconscious of the presence of those around her. Mr. Coburn rose and in a low, grave voice, read the will. It was a very short one; there were no charitable bequests, no legacies to servants; the whole of Carrington's vast wealth was left in equal portions to "my beloved daughters, Maida and Carrie Carrington, to be at their absolute disposal. May God bless them!"

That was all. There was something impressive in the terseness of the will which, in a few short lines, disposed of so large, so vast a sum. There was



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doubtless some little surprise at the fact that Mr. Carrington had made no charitable bequests; but it was felt, and rightly felt that he had relied upon his daughter's benevolence, and the hearers felt that he had not relied in vain.

Mr. Coburn folded the will and gave the usual little legal cough.

"That is all," he said. "The will was made by me; and if I may say so, I thoroughly agree with my late respected client's disposal of his property. His great wealth could not, I am sure, have passed into better or worthier hands."

"Quite satisfactory; satisfactory in every way," murmured Mr. Spinner, rubbing his hands behind his back and smiling mournfully on the audience generally.

There was a stir in the room and a number of the persons who had been asked to the luncheon and had remained to hear the will read, rose and took their departure. Amongst them was a small, commonplace figure which had been hidden in a corner of the room. It was Josiah Purley, pale and haggard, and with the nervous, deprecatory demeanour of a criminal who had just been detected. Maida saw him and stretched out her hand. Her lips moved, and

though no words came, her gesture arrested his progress and he stood, with bent head and hands fumbling with his cap. They all looked at him and then at Maida with surprise. Mr. Coburn put up his pince-nez and regarded him with solemn gravity.

Maida rose, her hand grasping the back of the chair, her eyes looking over Purley's head, her whole being strained for the effort.

"What is it, dearest?" whispered Heroncourt.

"I wish to speak; I have something to say," she said.

Her voice was low but so clear that everyone heard distinctly. Lord Glassbury went to the door and opened it. Mr. Coburn stood erect with a waiting expression on his keen face.

"Would you like to see me alone, Miss Carrington?" he suggested, with his well-known gentle courtesy. "Shall we go to the library?"

Maida made a gesture in the negative.

"I want to speak—for my sister and myself. That was our father's will you read; but—but it was not his wish. It was his wish that all his money, all that he possessed, should go to someone else—to that gentleman"—she looked at Purley, who shrank back and put out his hand in a repudiatory way, as if he were denying the fact—"it is all his. My father wished it; my sister and I wish it."

There was a silence that might have been felt; then everybody seemed to draw a long breath.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Coburn.

Lady Glassbury, with a faint cry, caught Maida's arm; not one of them at that moment but believed that her grief had overturned her mind; not one, perhaps, except—Heroncourt, who stood with folded arms, his eyes fixed on the white, lovely face.

"Surely you cannot mean what you are saying?" said Mr. Coburn. "This will—it was drawn up under your father's most clearly expressed direction—no man could have been more explicit, no man more sane. Who is this gentleman?"

He looked at Josiah Purley with solemn amazement.

"He was my father's friend," said Maida. "My father owed all his wealth to him; it belonged to Mr. Purley, not to my father. My father acknowledged it just before—just before he died. He knows that I speak the truth."

Her eyes rested on the shrinking figure, the working face, raised in piteous appeal to her. Purley opened his lips.

"I—I—" he stammered, hoarsely.

"My sister"—here Carrie slid her hand into Maida's and held it tightly—"my sister and I know the truth, and are quite resolved upon giving up the money to its rightful owner. We wish it done at once. You will know how to do it—we will sign any paper—we will do everything that is necessary to restore the money. Nothing, nothing will induce us to keep it; for it is not ours, but his; and my father wished us to restore it."

The effort was almost too much for her, the strain too great; she swayed and fell slightly and sank into her chair. A moment of excitement followed. Lady Glassbury fell on her knees beside the girl and caught her hand, calling upon her name; Ricky hurried across the room to Carrie, some of the others gathered round; Mr. Coburn and his partner exchanged hurried words. In the excitement no one noticed that the small, bent figure had crept out of the room.

Mr. Coburn was the first to speak. He came over to Maida and the rest, a frown of perplexity on his brow, his keen eyes scanning her face.

"This is a most extraordinary communication—request—my dear young lady," he said. "I fear that the cause is only too plain; your great grief, the terrible suddenness of your bereavement—"

Maida rose, wringing her hands, but she was otherwise calm, and endured with strength by her resolution of self-sacrifice.

"No," she said. "I know what I am saying. Oh, must I tell you? You will not believe that I am in earnest unless I do so."

In words broken and sometimes almost incoherent by reason of her emotion, she told the story of the Roaring Jane. They listened in a kind of dull amazement; not doubting—for who could doubt those accents which bore truth in every note as they fell from the white, quivering lips; who could doubt, looking at the lovely face, eloquent with its nobility of purpose?—they remembered Mr. Carrington's sudden rise, the mystery attaching to it. Mr. Spinner, Ricky—Heroncourt himself—recalled the little incidents, trivialities, unnoticed at the time, which, flashing now upon their remembrances, bore out the truth of her startling statement.

"But—but"—began Mr. Coburn, earnestly, almost angrily—"all this may be true—I do not say it is not, my dear young lady, I do not say it is not; but this Mr. Josiah Purley has no legal claim upon you, no one would say so; all your friends—consult your friends!—they would all say that such a course that you propose, such a sacrifice, would be an act of madness. Consult Lord Heroncourt"—he glanced at Heroncourt—"he has every right to be consulted—your father's friend, your future husband. Ask him!"

(To be Continued.)

## Household Notes.

Milk and eggs are both muscle builders. Cabbage worms have to be picked off by hand. When making cornmeal mush, stir all the time. Always serve small portions to prevent waste.

If pie crust is not flaky the shortening is too soft. A coal fire will revive if a little salt is thrown upon it.

Sherbet makes a cool and economical hot-weather dessert. Rice stock should always be saved for soup or white sauce.

Let the children have plenty of baths in the hot weather. Apple, quince and peach parings can all be utilized for jelly.

An addition to iced tea or lemonade is fresh mint chopped. A hot-water bottle can be patched with a piece of adhesive tape.

There is no difference in food value between white and yellow cornmeal. White bread may be made with 25 per cent of cornmeal to save the flour.

Rinse the face now and then in salt water and the complexion will be rosier. Wilted berries, too wilted for table use, can be stewed and served over cereals.

A delicious dish is made by baking eggs in small tomatoes or poached on rice. Dried cherries are an economical and satisfactory way to preserve cherries.

## Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

### A PRACTICAL WORK DRESS.



2103—This style is popularly known as a "cover all" apron dress and is indeed a useful, desirable garment. It is pretty and becoming enough to be worn as a porch dress, if developed in appropriate materials. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

### A PLEASING COMBINATION.



Waist—2117. Skirt—2125. Here is a smart skirt that is most attractive for the new sports materials and equally suitable for serge, gabardine, silk, and wash fabrics. The waist may be of crepe, lawn, batiste, voile, silk, linen or plaid, or, both skirt and waist may be made of one material. The Waist Pattern 2117 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt 2125 is cut 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

No. ....  
Size .....  
Address in full:—  
Name .....

## Household Notes.

Remove perspiration stains from a garment by soaking in strong salt water before washing. Bread crumbs can be used as a substitute for flour in making cakes, cookies, muffins, etc.

## Our Baseball Column.

PLAGIARISED AND OTHERWISE.

### THE BATTING AVERAGES.

We regret that owing to lack of space we will be unable to publish the batting averages until later in the week. In this connection we may say that Mr. Geo. Kearney, of Smyth's League of the best necktie in his store to each of the players on the championship team this year. This is in addition to the silk shirt for the first home run, and a Velour or Stetson for the best batting average. The players will appreciate Mr. Kearney's kindness and efforts to further interest in the game.

### AXIOM DISPROVED.

Ballplayers have disproved the axiom that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. The distance from the bench to the plate and from the plate to the bench equal a certain number of feet, but it's a whole lot longer from the plate to the bench after fanning, than from the bench to the plate.

### HELP THE ORPHANS.

An exciting clash is expected to-morrow night when the Wanderers and Red Lions meet in the Mount Cashel preliminary for the H. D. Reid Trophy. The winner of this game will plate the winner of Thursday's night's Cubs-B.L.S. game at the Garden Party.

### YOU SAID IT, BO!

We have heard that some batters are objecting to the delivery of one of the League pitchers. They state he is using a foreign substance shorting the ball. Better look into this; perhaps it's brains.

### THE GRAND STAND.

It is to be hoped that the Football and Baseball Leagues can come together to put more seats in the grandstand. It must be quite evident that there is a lot of revenue, particularly with spectators are taking such a lively interest in both games and attending to much larger num-

bers than for two seasons past. Have a heart, Messrs. Chaplin, Hawverma and Higgins!

### INSIDE BASEBALL.

Bill Cooney is not the father of baseball. The grand old pastime, you see, is even older than you thought.

### GET YOUR TICKETS.

Have you bought your tickets for this week's games? They are sure to be good, apart from the worthlessness of the cause.

### RED BLOODED BASEBALL.

"Kicking, howling, vociferous objections to the umpire's verdicts, and loopy, the winner of this game will plate the winner of Thursday's night's Cubs-B.L.S. game at the Garden Party.

### PERSONAL.

Rev. Canon Smith, Administrator of the Diocese, is at present visiting his old parishioners at Portage Cove. Mr. S. H. Miller, of the Westchester Lighting Co., Port Chester, N.Y., accompanied by his sister, Miss Eva Miller, arrived in the city a few days ago on a visit to their cousin, Mr. C. H. Miller, Cornwell Avenue.

### NITRATE OF SODA.

Interesting to farmers is the fact that crops are worth money. Now is the time to push the growing; buy Nitrate of Soda from TESSIER & CO. July 13/17.

### T. J. EDENS.

Due on Thursday, July 12, 17, from New York: N. Y. CHICKEN, FRESH EGGS, CAL. ORANGES, BANANAS, CANTALOUPE, CHERRIES, TABLE PLUMS, GRAPE FRUIT, TOMATOES, CUCUMBERS, NEW BRAGG, BERMUDA ONIONS.

### PURITY BUTTER.

2 lb. prints. Fresh stock just in. Butter is cheaper this week. Selected Eating Potatoes, 15c. gallon. Strawberry Jam, 1 lb. glass. Marmalade, 1 lb. glass. Blueberries, 15c. tin. King's Bacon, 3 lb. pieces, 45c. lb. Pork & Beans, 3's, 25c. Tomatoes, 3's, 20c. Bird's Ice Cream Powder, 15c. package. 1 lb. Corn Flour, 25c. pkg. Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 16c. package.

### T. J. EDENS.

NESTLE'S FOOD, BENGERS' FOOD, ALLIENBURY'S FOOD, NEAVE'S FOOD.

### T. J. EDENS.

Duckworth Street and Rawlin's Cross.

## Address of Archbishop To St Bon

In his opening remarks His Grace said that the paper which he would read for them would consist merely of some reflections suggested by the great events transpiring in the world to-day. Speaking at the present time one could hardly deal with any subject that did not directly or indirectly concern the present great crisis in the world's history. He said advisedly the present great crisis in the world's history, because surely the events of the last three years and the problematical and uncertain issues which the next few years would bring forth could not be otherwise regarded than as constituting one of the greatest crises in the history of mankind. At the present time we were not in a position to realize the magnitude of this great world catastrophe. We were as yet within its shadow and we could not view it from that perspective of distance which alone would enable us to realise its vast proportions. Only the future historian would be able to value, and to appreciate its magnitude in the annals of humanity and the history of mankind. Naturally, everyone was disposed to view the war, its issues, its consequences and its effects from his own standpoint. The statesman, the philosopher, the politician, the political economist, the historian and the scientist, all viewed the war from a different angle, and the Churchman, the moralist, naturally viewed it from the standpoint of Christianity, from the viewpoint of the Church. The object of the brief paper which he proposed to read would be to present in a passing way some aspects of the relationship of the Church to the grave problems to which the war had given rise, and which would be still more strongly in evidence when the world struggle came to a conclusion.

His Grace then went on to say that a spirit of widespread unrest was abroad in the world to-day. The world war which began nearly three years ago, had brought about cataclysmic conditions the world over. The spirit of unrest prevailed all sections of society. The Scriptural passages which commentators interpreted as referring to the events preceding the Last Days, which were being lived. There were wars and rumours of wars, and on the earth distress of nations, men withdrawing with fear and expectation of the things that would come upon the world. We were witnessing the making of history at a more rapid pace than history had ever been made in the past. The making of history could now be measured by months and years which before could be measured by generations and centuries; and there could be no doubt that history would be made still more rapidly in the years immediately before us.

His Grace then quoted the words of an American writer who made these pointed comments on the world's situation to-day: "We stand aghast at the world as we see it to-day, at the world both Old and New. We are spectators of history as the making of a new civilization, putting where it was two thousand years ago. We have witnessed in Europe the violation of very law, natural, national, human and divine. We have seen the most solemn pledges disregarded, treaties considered as scraps of paper, and alliances mere vantage points to some other thirty pieces of silver. Servers and thinkers are asking what the Bible, the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence mean the scrap basket as worthless and degraded. If we bring our thoughts nearer home they are focussed on a nation drifting from its God, on a land of empty Churches, on a Christian nation whose schools are religious and whose homes are at the mercy of the divorce courts."

Everywhere throughout the world there were evidences of the growing of the Democratic spirit. The spirit of Autocracy were bidding fair to give place to the greater evils of an unstrained Democracy. The pendulum in Russia had swung from the serfdom of the old regime to what would seem to be the unbridled license of Democracy. It need hardly be said that our unrest had been very much in evidence since the war began. Some of the greatest difficulties that had to be contended with in all the belligerent countries in the prosecution of the war had arisen from unrest and discontent amongst working men. All these things, His Grace said, were questions were being forced by the logic of circumstances into the foreground to-day. Amongst the after problems, and they would be many and serious, none would be more difficult of solution than those that would arise directly from the spirit of Democracy.